Moonshine.

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ON MODERN BARRISTERS.

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BY RORY ROTUNDO, ORATOR TO THE LUNARIAN SOCIETY.

Why may that not be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits, now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? Why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Humph! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries; is this the fine of his fines and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? Will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more?

SHAKESPERE.

THE fall of a great man, naturally excites in the contemplative mind, sensations of the most mournful kind, which feelingly remind us that we ~~too~~ also are subject to decay. In the private relations of society, many of its members are daily consigned to the stilness of the tomb, with little more than the tears of sorrow to embalm their memory. But when one who has moved in a conspicuous station and shone like the corruscations of a meteor, is removed from the dazzled eyes of admiration, the gambols of youth are suspended while the tongue of old age is employed in descanting on his virtues ~~or his vices~~; and, though a twice told tale, the ~~drowsy~~ ear is never ~~vexed~~ weary The inquisitive eye of youth eagerly fastens upon such an object, and no prolixity can ~~weary his ear.~~ While the fatiate his curiosity.

faithful chronicler recounts the deeds of valour which saved a sinking country from ruin, his young blood mounts into his crimsoned cheek, and he is ready to exclaim with the Gallic hero, " where wert thou, Oh Crillon ?" If he describe, in all the graceful beauties of elocution, the courtesy of the accomplished cavalier and the captivating charms of the successful lover; the enraptured listener suspends his breath, to hear the half-broken sigh of the yielding maid, and he sees the beaming eye which eloquently proclaims the emotions of her soul. He describes the upright and intelligent lawyer who has established a brilliant reputation at the bar, and added new lustre to the ermine on the bench. They see him wearing out his seven long years of probation: delving in that unfathomable " well whereout every man draweth according to the strength of his understanding," with the patient labour of a Dutch commentator, and the indefatigable industry of an English digester. As he wastes his midnight oil over the black-letter leaves of a ponderous folio, no obstacle seems to be too difficult for his industry to surmount, no subtilty too perplexed for his sagacity to penetrate. They follow him to the bar and behold his undaunted spirit unawed by the frown of power, boldly advocating the rights of the oppressed, or securing the liberties of his country from the encroachments of privilege. His palm is sullied by no unworthy bribe, his tongue utters no words but the words of truth, and his conscience whispers no sounds but the voice of gratulation. Spirit of my " wise masters," these were your true sons ! For them shall shine the gladsome light of jurisprudence, and they shall enjoy " the loveliness of temperance, the stabilitie of fortitude and the soliditie of justice." †

† Coke Litt.

But the sigh of regret is not confined to the memory of the chieftain or the lover, the statesman or the judge. The body of a dead Ass was washed by the tears of Sterne, and the caput mortuum of a scrivener has been addressed, in no unfeeling language by the son of Denmark. In his fervid imagination the ancient prowess of this champion of the law passes in quick review. In a rapid succession of ideas he sketches the formidable armament of a pettifogger of jurisprudence, so vividly that we gaze upon the hollow sconce and fancy we see it starting into life. All his quirks and his quillets are repeated, and justice trembles at the pollution of her sanctuary: all those tricks by which the worse was made to seem the better reason, are displayed before our eyes and the mystery of law fully developed. But the indignation of the noble Dane waxeth warm, when he sees this subtle head once so fertile in every artifice of offence or defence, become the foot-ball of an ignoble hand, and knocked about with as little concern as its owner formerly regarded a client who had no fee.

"Why will he not tell him of his action of battery?"

Alas! indignant prince! when death has once issued his dread command, the unfortunate victim can find no kind friend like the humane John Doe and Richard Roe, who stand ever ready here to assist the aggrieved. Every man follows suit there and no man can commence one. Notwithstanding his extensive lands and prolix papers, his fine pate is now filled with fine dirt, and he must be contented to occupy no larger a space than the length and breath of a pair of his own indentures which were to be paid for at the rate of a penny for every twelve words. "Not one jot more," says Horatio, with the sterness of Mr. John Ketch, the tender companion of the Newgate

gentry. Such is the state of human greatness. To-day it opens to the sun with noon-day splendour, and to-morrow some envious rain despoils it of its lustre! In my "mind's eye" I behold this poor lawyer on his death bed. At the close of his career he imparls with his grim goaler, and prays for a continuance if it be but for one term. In vain he recounts the number of his clients, and tells the variety of causes which are ready for trial. In vain he confesses how many false pleas he has made in his life time, and presses the necessity of amendment before he is put at the great bar for a safe deliverance. In his dying moments he bids adieu to the scenes of his former glory.

Farewell to courts where every term I've plead,
Farewell, a long farewell to all my clients!
Such is the state of lawyers: to-day they ope
The folio leaves of Coke; to-morrow study,
Or see their clients throng around with fees.
At the third term comes the judge and jury,
And,...when they think, good easy men, full surely
Their verdict is a r[e]pining...nip the case
And then they fall as I do. I have pleaded
To the ~~cleo'd~~ ears of many a drowsy jury,
~~This~~ many session ~~in a court of Harford~~
But plead beyond their patience: my well fill'd brief
Avail'd me nought: ~~and that accursed~~ verdict
Made me pay the damages and costs,
And left me weary with my cause, at the mercy
Of bubbled clients who must ever blame me.
Chief Judge and jury of the court I hate you.
For ye did ope my client's eyes. O, foolish
Is that poor man who hangs on lawyer's speech!
There is betwixt the smile which he doth put on
When fee'd, he'll promise success; and the verdict
More fees and costs than ~~they did~~ ever dream of ~~—~~

And when he's call'd on, he enters non pros
Perhaps to sue again!

But thanks be to the never-to-be-sufficiently-celebrated discovery of the great Osymandyas, lawyers now a-days, by the aid of Moonshine, are enabled to unite profit and delight, and attain a complete knowledge of their profession in a much less time than that which was so uselessly spent by our ancestors.

Instead of wasting the prime of his life in his study, our young gentleman cons over the doctrine of Levant and Couchant in his bed till noon. At night as he staggers home, the watch remonstrates with him upon the impropriety of disturbing his neighbours, and a blow is the reward of his officiousness. Our student is arrested and confined to the watch-box until morning, when some sage Justice of the Peace lets him into all the "amiable secrets" of assault and battery, commitment, bail &c. In the summer he gallops off to some watering place, by which he becomes acquainted with the law of *ways*, and his taylor occasionally gives him some hints about *captions*. He gets a full insight into the doctrine of *riots* at the theatre or at county elections. But passing over the dull period of probation, let us suppose that the two grave examiners have reported to the court that our young gentleman is fitted for the practice of the law. Let us behold him *dreaming of fees* at his office. At this period it is generally observed, that the young Attorneys branch off into the different paths which lead to the goal they would all attain. Many of them diverge so far from the true road that they never regain it. Some, wearied by the brambles and thorns which grow by the way and mark their footsteps with blood, become disgusted, and entirely relinquish the object of their ambition. One

tumbles so deep in one of my lord Coke's "deep wells," that he never gets out; a second sticks fast in the slough of despond, while a third loiters among the fragrant flowers which bloom on either side. The terms of law furnish to his ardent mind such ample themes for speculation, that he closes his folio and resigns his judgment to the dominion of imagination. He indites "a sonnet to his mistress' eye-brow," when the good of the state requires a presentment, and talks of Cupid and Venus, and shafts and flames, in his declarations. A non suit reminds him of her frowns, and he opens the psalter at the chapter on matrimony when he is told to join issue.

As to your plodder, your man of cases and tricks, he is to be found immured in his office:

> Fee-less himself he meditates, alas! on
> Fees-tail and simple.

Instead of taking the slow cart-road to knowledge, with the old fashioned wise-heads for his companions, he gallops on with the "Young Lawyer's best guide," "The Vade Mecum," "Espinasse," or some such valuable compendium. Here he finds the innumerable principles of his profession, stripped of the cumbersome velvet in which reason and judgment have clothed them, and his entire science is collected into a fócus not larger than a nut-shell. Blessings on your industry, all ye plodding Digest makers and Compilers! By your labors the lead-mine of law has been laid open to the face of day, and every man may become his own lawyer in less time than a taylor can learn to calculate the profits of cabbage. Ye have developed those curious secrets by which the art of acquiring fees was confined to the monopolizing palms of a favoured few! To you who have enlightened modern times by the universal diffusion of all the profundity of

our ancestors, shall the children of idleness and ignorance and the demons of litigation and avarice, unite to erect the funeral pyre of honour, and the "sons of the law," shall light it with the bulky tomes of Coke and Hobart, and Selden and Lyttleton!

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A MOONLIGHT VISION.

BY EDWIN ARION, F. L. S.

When Sol retiring seeks the West,
And weary nature sinks to rest;
I love to hail the sister ray,
That streaks the clouds with lunar grey,

For on the pale moon's lucid face
I ~~sadly~~ Sadly gaze and seem to trace
A form, more fair than poet's feign,
~~When reason sleeps and fancy reigns.~~
When Fancy holds her witching reign.
And as through beams of light I rove,
And mark the twinkling orbs above,
The accents of the maid so dear
Fall lightly on my ravish'd ear.

As late, for such an hour as this
Of pleasing pain and pensive bliss,
By Western streams, alone I stray'd,
And Fancy found the lovely maid.

No sounds disturbed the calm serene,
But silence reigned throughout the scene;
Save when the sailor's distant song
O'er the calm stream was borne along.
When
~~While~~ sunk in sleep, I saw the fair,
With blushing cheek and curling hair;
With lips that smile in roses hue,
Which sweet good-nature's charms imbue.

With eyes that beam so bright with love,
And voice that stills the murm'ring grove
With eyes that ~~softly~~ archly bid us woo
And tell what Cupid there can do.

Methought she read my throbbing heart,
And heard the wish it would impart.
For oft at midnight's silent hour
Had I invok'd the wily pow'r,

That caus'd my cheeks with love to glow,
To bid her listen to my woe.
But I had never tasted pleasure
Since first I learnt his mournful measure.

But now I touch'd the note again,
And Cupid bade her list the strain.
And when I had my love confess'd,
She sigh'd...and sank upon my breast.

Oh! how shall I in words disclose,
What raptures then within me rose!
I tun'd my softly breathing lyre
And Echo heard its notes expire.

No more when eve has veil'd the sky,
And landscapes fade before the eye;
When shadows dim the silent scene
Of gurgling brook and meadows green:

I'll pensive wander o'er the plain
And strike my mournful lyre in vain.
For she who won my early love
Now meets me in the well-known grove.

Oh! now may Flora's fairest flowers
Bloom fragrant in these happy bowers.
Here shall she place the myrtle green
And blushing rose to deck the scene:

And all around the verdant vale
Shall ever breathe the purest gale...
And here shall nymphs their shepherd's meet
And fays shall trip their printless feet...

And Sylphs shall flit the buxom air
To guard and please the favour'd fair—
For here did I my love impart
And I here won Myrilla's heart.

Such was the scene that fancy's gleam
Fair painted in a fleeting dream—
But when the day-star bade me rise
The vision fled my raptur'd eyes!

Oh! when again all nature sleeps
And silence through the forests creeps;
May such fair dreams enchain my rest
And love's warm hopes rise in my breast.

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